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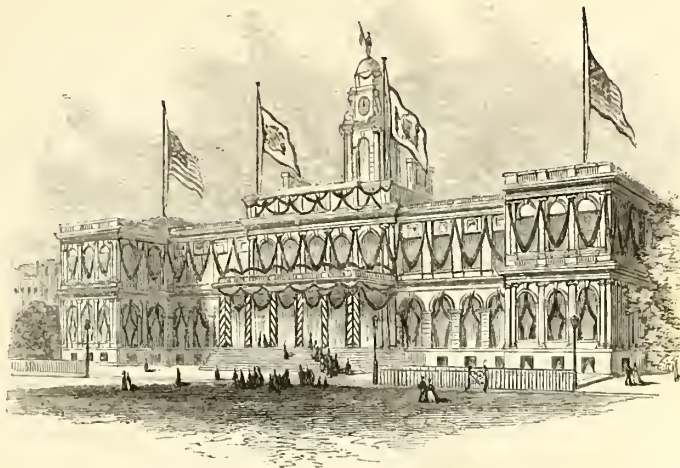
# The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Funeral Train Route  
New York City, New York  
April 24–25, 1865

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection





## Message from His Honor the Mayor.

Mayor's Office, }  
New York, April 15, 1865. }

To the Honorable the Common Council:

Gentlemen—Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, is dead. With inexpressible horror I announce to you this event, coupled as it was with violence. Just at the moment when peace began its dawn over an afflicted land, this dreadful blow fell on him on whom its destinies seemed to depend.

Your Honorable Body, I am sure, will take appropriate action, in view of this awful dispensation, to signify those sentiments of public respect and grief, due alike to the exalted station and fearful death of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, which now pervade our whole people, and have plunged them in universal distress and misery.

C. Godfrey Gunther,  
Mayor.







## Resolutions.

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W h e r e a s , The deep gloom now pervading the people of this city; the external manifestation of sorrow and grief that is expressed on every countenance; that is seen by the flags, so lately flashing triumphantly from a thousand staffs, now trailing mournfully at half-mast; in the dark and sombre draperies now flowing on our public and private buildings, and in the universal despondency so vividly portrayed by the words and actions of those of our citizens, who, but yesterday, were exulting and joyous over the fond anticipation of a regenerated and united country, informs us, in the most unmistakable manner, that a dreadful calamity has fallen upon our country; that God has, for some wise purpose of His own, and to remind us, in the most forcible manner, of our total dependence upon Him, dashed the cup of gladness from our







lips, and has substituted for it one of the bitterest sorrow; and it is, in very deed, a sorrowful day for our country. Our Chief Magistrate, chosen to preside over the destinies of thirty millions of people, has been stricken down by the hand of an assassin, and now lies, an inanimate corpse, at the Capital of the nation he had saved. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has thus been called, suddenly and unexpectedly, before the Judgment Seat, and our whole country is called upon to mourn his loss. Well may the people mourn. His loss to them is irreparable; and,

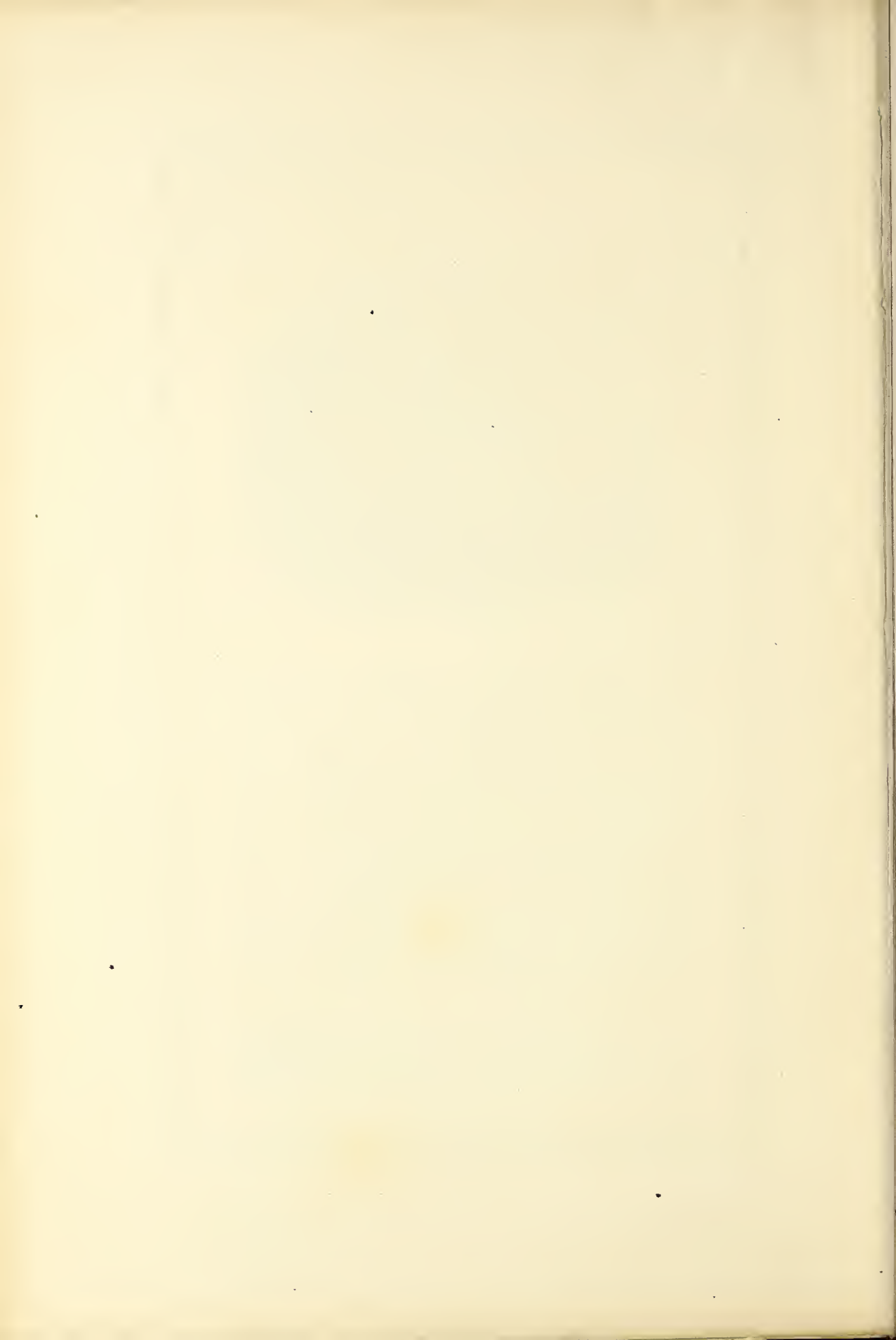
Whereas, In the universal sorrow for the death of the great and good man—the savior of the Republic—and of execration at the manner of his death, and the vile instrument that accomplished it, it is the manifest yet sorrowful duty of the Common Council to participate. He was fast becoming the idol of our people, including those who at the commencement of his career doubted the wisdom and integrity of his

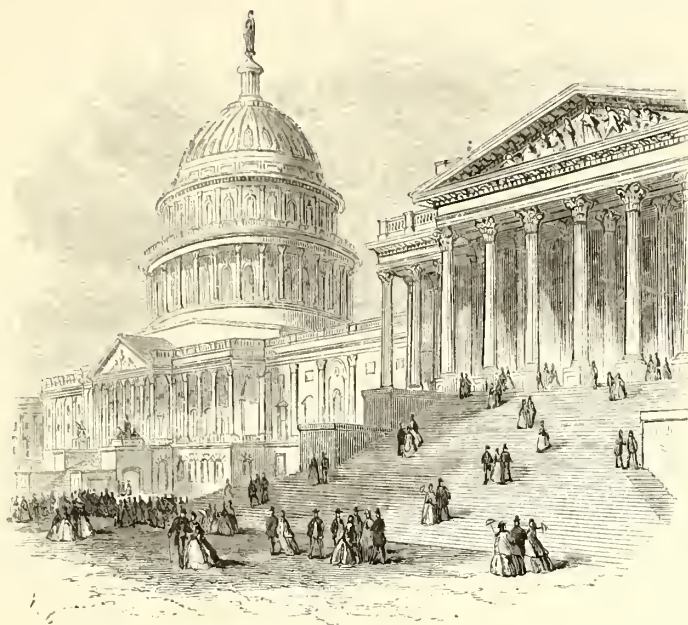




motives. His moderation in the hour of triumph over the enemies of his country; his generosity and magnanimity to the fallen foes of the Republic; his determined, unswerving adherence to what he considered the best interests of the nation; his earnestness of purpose, and yet true republican kindness and affability of character and simplicity of manner—a simplicity that cost him his life, as it induced him to avoid taking such precautions as would have prevented the occurrence of such a calamity as is his death—had endeared him to the people, and had led them to regard him as one peculiarly fitted, if not predestined, to save the Republic from dismemberment, and to restore the country to the blessings of a lasting peace, and of inaugurating a future of unparalleled prosperity and happiness; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That, in order to give expression to the sorrow experienced by the people of this city for his death, and in order to afford them an opportunity of manifesting





their grief, the public offices and buildings of the Corporation be closed for the transaction of business, until the day succeeding the solemnization of his funeral rites and ceremonies; that we recommend to our citizens, also, to close their respective places of business for the same period; that the flags be displayed on all the public buildings, and the owners or occupants of private buildings, and the masters and owners of the shipping in our harbor, be requested to display their flags at half-mast during the same period; that the chambers of each branch of the Common Council, and the public buildings and offices be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; and that a Special Committee of five members from each branch of the Common Council be appointed to perfect the above, and to make such other arrangements as in their judgment may seem fitting and appropriate, to testify their sorrow for the death, and their respect for the memory of the illustrious deceased.



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**BRYANT'S ODE FOR THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** At the great meeting in New York on Tuesday afternoon, the following ode, written by William C. Bryant on Tuesday morning, was read by Rev. Dr. Osgood:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle, and merciful, and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose noblest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of right.

**MR. BANCROFT'S FUNERAL ORATION ON Mr. Lincoln** is published in yesterday's New York papers. In force of thought, compression of matter, and dignity of tone, it ranks with the noblest products of his mind. We give below the portions relating to the Proclamation of Emancipation, the "primary allegiance" of the slaves, the Constitutional Amendment, and the usurpation of General Sherman:

Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who have been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained. Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the Rebel Government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has over been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound like the rest of us to its public defence.

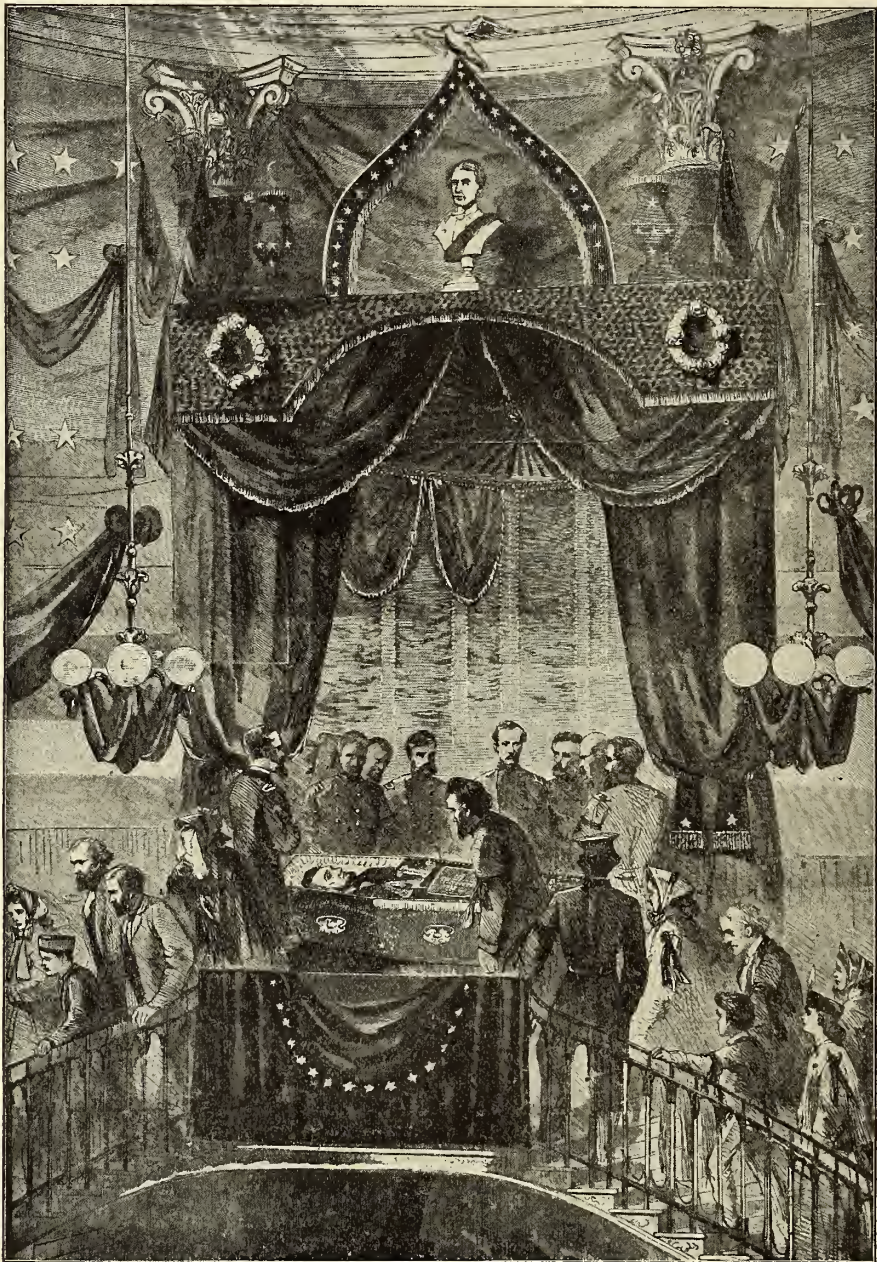
Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective men of that State. This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves. In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day, the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves. It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a hellscherout right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom; but when at peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty.

In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old Government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilty of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free. Nor may it be said that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The Constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was formed, general emancipation was the right to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery; since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions. So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality.

And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore. Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of today.

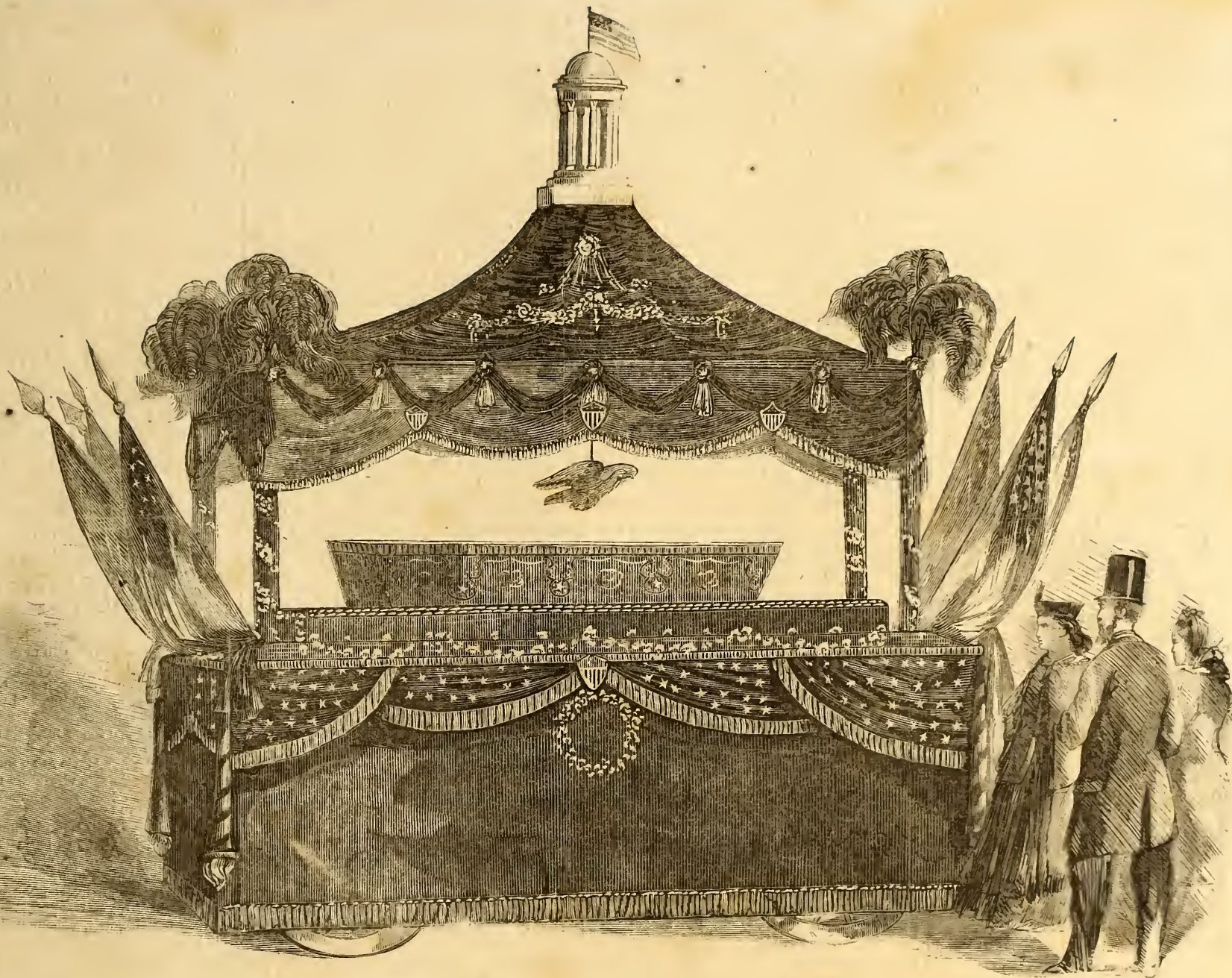
And let no lover of his country say that this warning is unequalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nursing itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South wait to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrendered himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this halact, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow of his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the restless movements in the history of man.





**VIEWING LINCOLN'S REMAINS.**  
City Hall, New York City.

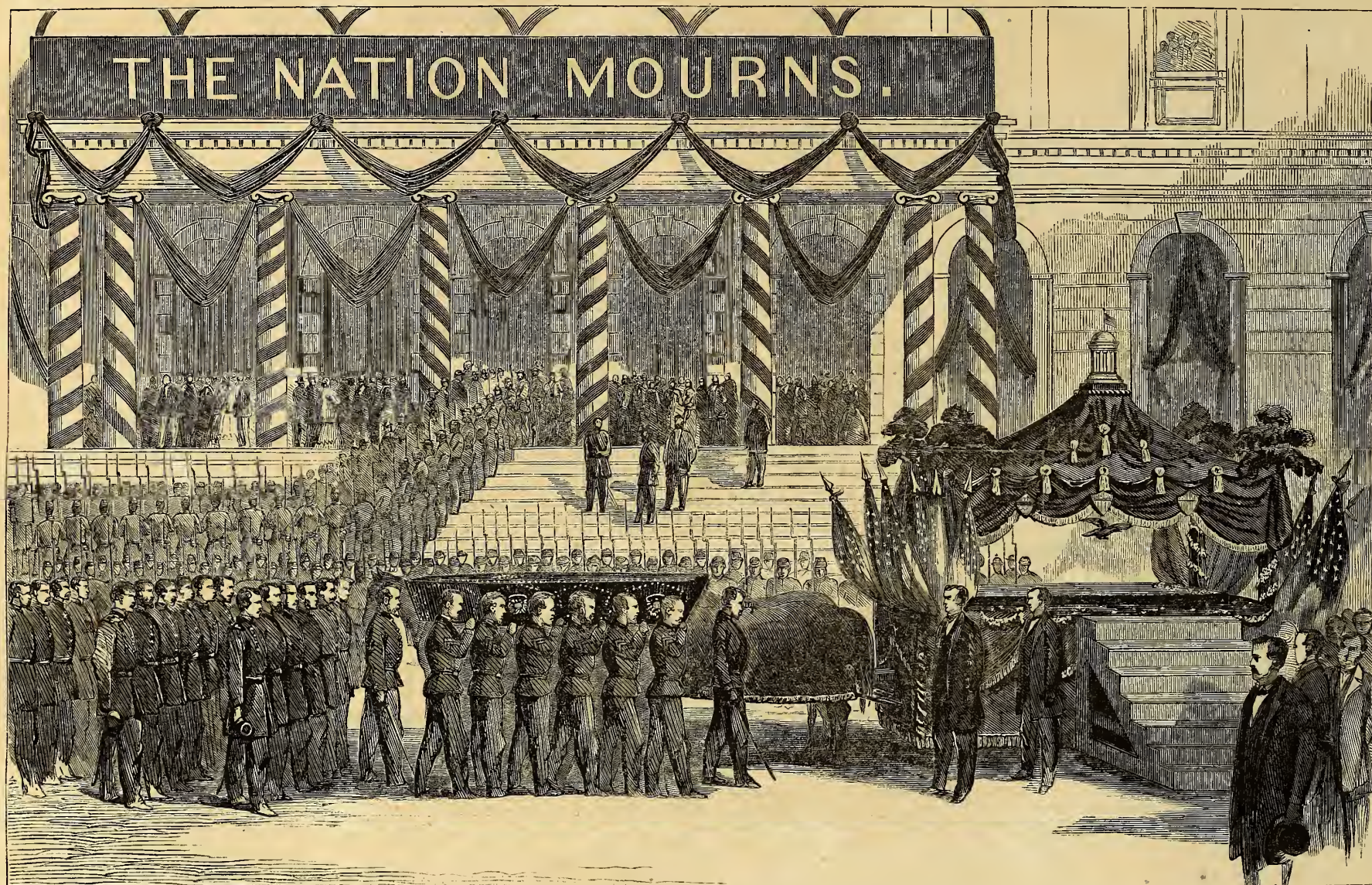




PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—THE CATAFALQUE USED IN THE PROCESSION IN NEW YORK CITY.

*W. J. May 1865*





PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—REMOVAL OF THE BODY FROM THE CITY HALL TO THE FUNERAL CAR, NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1865.



## THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL IN NEW YORK.

ALL the beautiful day on Tuesday, when the dearly beloved President was borne through the great city, it was impossible not to feel that, however impassioned and tender all the orators might be, no oration could be so eloquent as the spectacle of the vast population, hushed and bareheaded, under the bright spring sky, gazing upon his coffin. It was one of the most imposing and touching pageants ever seen. From windows and house-tops and balconies, from trees and posts and door-steps, the multitude looked silently on, themselves a striking part of the scene they admired. The broad street was clear, and on both the walks the crowd was solid. The pressure at times was frightful, but the throng was mainly good-humored; and when the funeral car approached the reverent silence was profoundly impressive. Nothing was heard as it passed but the regular footfall of the troops, the dull roll of the muffled drums, and the occasional tolling of a bell far away. The sober aspect of the people all the day, the wailing peals of minor music from the hundred bands, the houses draped with mourning, the innumerable flags bound with black and hanging at half-mast, the profuse and accumulated signs of a true sorrow, have made the day forever memorable to all who looked on.

As the solemn and stately car went by, holding proudly up, under the canopy and among the flowers, the silver-fringed coffin of the martyr, his own words over the dead at Gettysburg were the most fitting: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." For his great work here was the noble use of qualities without which no public man can be sincerely lamented nor any state safe. ABRAHAM LINCOLN triumphed by his honesty, by his fidelity, by his magnanimity, by his prudence, by his moderation. His greatness was his eminence in the characteristics which our public men have most wanted. He was called slow and doubtful, a man needing to be pushed and pulled, while his steadfastness was sublime. He moved toward his purpose as surely as the year unfolds from spring into summer. There are chilly days, and clouds, and showers, and sometimes frosts, but the blossom is steadily opening into the flower, and the flower ripening into the fruit, and ever the air is softer and kinder. It was so with him, and so the popular trust in him grew. No man imagined what a hold he had upon the national heart until the election. The revelation was startling. It was an involuntary tribute to character without par-

allel. And how much closer even than then the bond that bound him to the people this truly grieving country shows.

The oration in Union Square by Mr. BANCROFT was noble. Its lofty tone, its masterly comprehensiveness, its sincere eloquence; and the nervous purity of its style, distinguish it among all the fine addresses which the melancholy event has inspired. It seems to us that

Mr. BANCROFT has never surpassed this brief, heroic, and dignified discourse. New York could have chosen no fitter orator to bid the great, good President hail and farewell.

Across the land then, home to the prairies, which will greet his coming with all their flowery splendor, passes our chief and best. Along the way he came four years ago, to do a work harder than WASHINGTON'S—he returns, and the work is done. As he left his home he asked his neighbors, who knew and loved him, to pray for him in his strange and unknown task. Home he comes again, and with prayers and tears and stricken hearts they receive him, whom we all know and love now. Home he comes again, dead, but living forever. And we who through the clouds of our present sorrow behold the serene triumph of his life, stronger by his strength, wiser by his wisdom, more faithful by his fidelity, more magnanimous by his marvelous magnanimity, turn again to serve his honored memory by continuing his work in his own spirit.



## WHAT SHALL BE THE RETRIBUTION?

THIS day, the dead body of the murdered President passed through our city to a grave in the prairies. Perhaps the sorrow of a great nation is the sublimest spectacle possible on earth. The pilgrimage of these sacred ashes through the land is the most pathetic incident of American history. The bier of Washington was not wet with so many tears.

Walking mutely past this coffin, and gazing at the face of the martyred dead, half-a-million citizens demand that this murder remain not unavenged. Seeking not to inflame but to calm the public mind, we re-echo this demand with all the solemnity due to the majestic occasion. Although Abraham Lincoln bore the most forgiving of human tempers; although, were he now dictating terms to the rebellion, he would prove himself the most clement of conquerors; although, could his frozen lips speak, he would say, Deal mercifully with my assassin; yet, if this black deed be not punished to the full measure of Christian retribution, the murdered man's sepulcher—be it locked, and barred, and monumented—will not be able to confine his troubled ghost from wandering through the unquiet land and moaning at his wrongs unredressed.

But what measure of vengeance can equal the stupendous crime? Though the assassin were sawn asunder, yet would not the offense be atoned, nor justice be appeased. The vial of retributive wrath is too large and full to be squandered upon the single head of a trembling wretch who

now skulks from the eye of the world. Let the great punishment fall upon the first, the chief, the arch criminal in this crime of crimes. The murderer of the President is SLAVERY. The conspirator against the Republic is SLAVERY. The hideous, ghastly Rebellion is SLAVERY. Now let an aroused nation lift its arm to the height of its great duty, and with a final blow annihilate Slavery for ever! O New Jersey, Kentucky, Delaware! look at this good man's bloody wounds, and blush for your own complicity in this deed of death! Behold the victim, and remember with penitence how ruthlessly you voted to strengthen the arm that dealt the blow!

Let the American people, when they shall have buried the corpse which now they watch, arise from their sackcloth and ashes to forget amnesty and to execute judgment. Speaking without passion, without malice, without enmity against the guiltiest traitor of all the great conspiracy, without eagerness to spill a drop of any man's blood—nevertheless, for the sake of Law, of Liberty, of the Republic, we declare that if treason be a crime, and if crime deserve punishment, then Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet and Congress should be tried with a just trial, and abide a just doom.

Meanwhile, if, by a mysterious fatality to a soldier who was never defeated till he has now defeated himself, who seems to have taken off the laurels from his head only to trample them under his feet—if through this suddenly opened gate of folly the greatest culprits of mankind shall escape their just fate, then let us add to this day's public sorrow a new lamentation that Law has lost its majesty, Liberty its safety, and the Republic its self-respect.

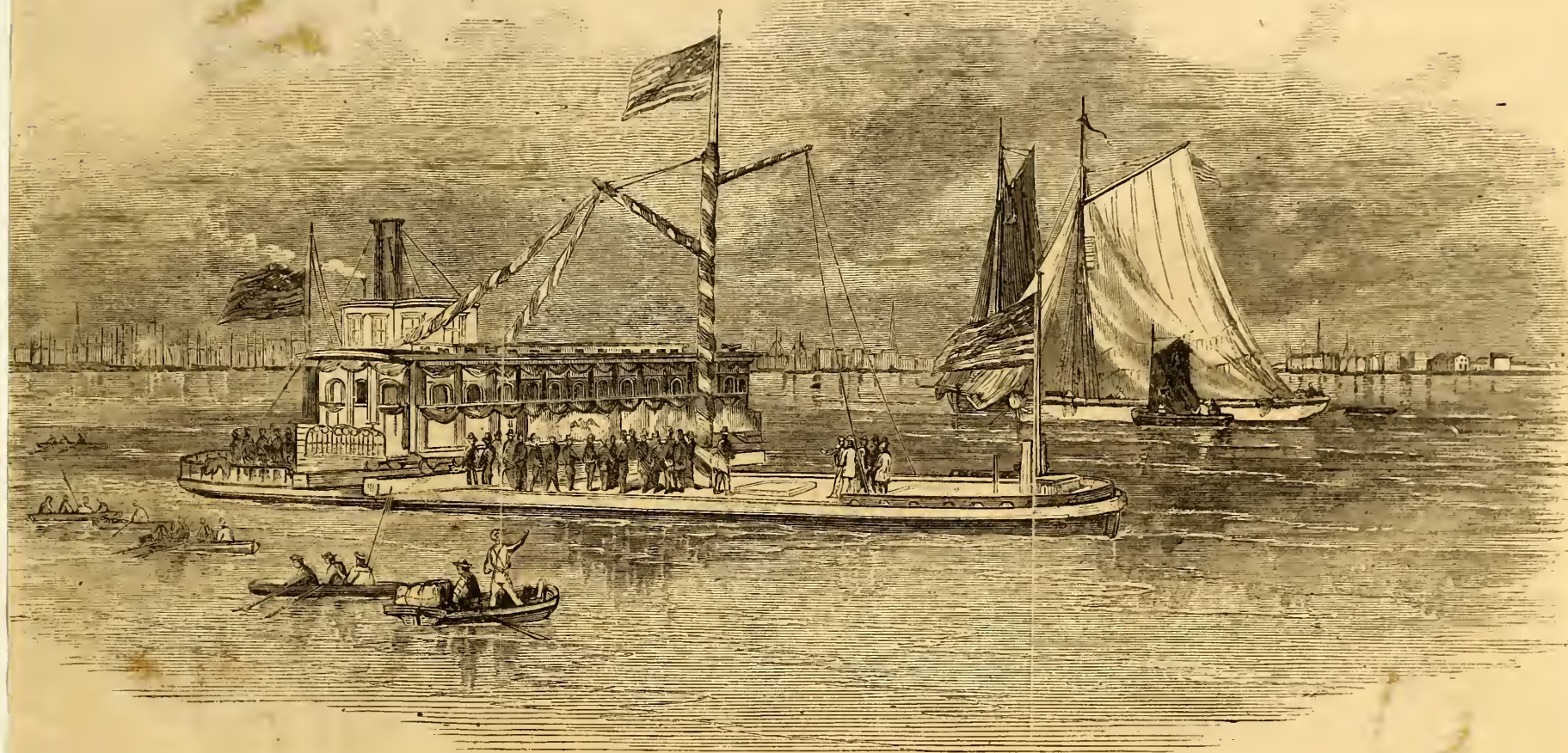
But we thank God that the new President—who has ennobled himself in a single week into the complete confidence of the people—stands already illustriously pledged to deal an unrelenting punishment to crimes against the Republic. If we comprehend the ethics of the New Testament, we believe that to the severest utterances which he has made since his Presidential oath, the voice of Christian charity answers, Amen.

Therefore, O sorrowful countrymen! bearing now a martyr's coffin to the tomb, lay your hands reverently upon its pall, and vow before heaven to fulfill the three-fold duty of this solemn hour: first, to Slavery, annihilation; second, to the Rebellion, unconditional surrender; third, to Treason, the extreme penalty of the law. And may God save the Republic!

# The Independent.

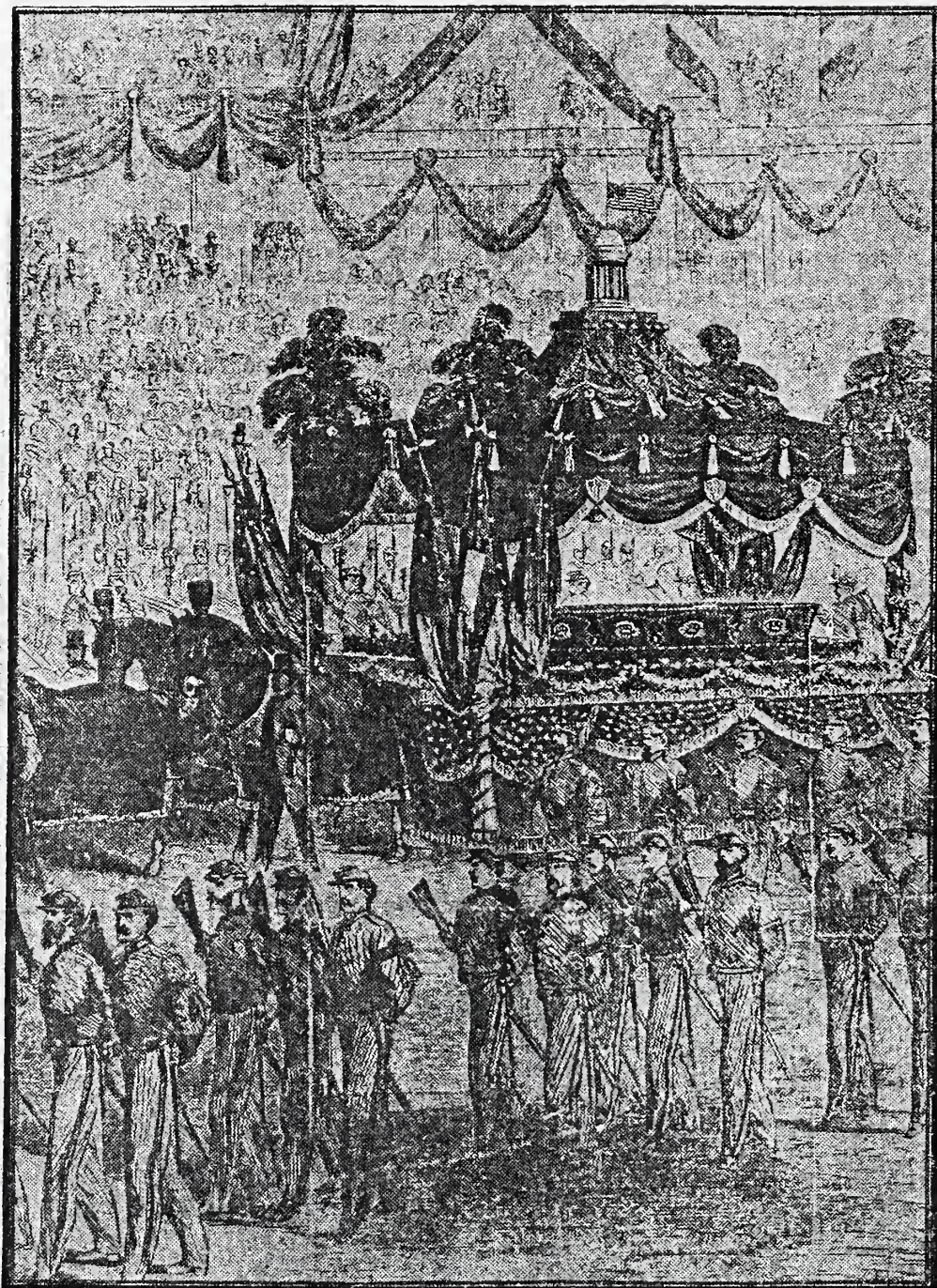
NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1865.





THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL CAR, ON A STEAM LIGHTER, APPROACHING NEW YORK FROM JERSEY CITY, APRIL 24, 1865.





Scene from the Lincoln funeral procession in New York City. (From a photograph by Brady, published in *Harpers' Weekly* of May 13, 1865, by courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)



## A BOY'S WAR MEMORIES.

Recollections of the Draft Riots and of  
Lincoln's Death.

"While with Le Brethon, I underwent a memorable and weird experience—that of the draft riots," writes Augustus Saint-Gaudens in his reminiscences in *The Century*. "Leaving my work because Le Brethon, in some excitement, had told me to go home one afternoon at an early hour, I noticed the strange appearance of the absolutely deserted streets—no omnibuses on Broadway, which was always crowded at that hour—and not a soul, wagon, car or anything that seemed alive on Third Avenue as I turned into it. A moment later a man or so with a gun running in the distance gave the only signs that the city was not a dead one. Then I recollect vividly my pounding upstairs, and the wild taking me into her arms by my mother, who had been in a paroxysm of fear as to what had become of me, the others of the brood already resting safe at home. Later on, as the storm lessened, it was strange to see two cannon posted in Twenty-first Street at the northeast corner of Gramercy Park, pointing due east in the direction of the rioters.

"Then came the news of Lincoln's assassination. I recall father and mother weeping as he read of it to us in the morning at breakfast before starting for work. Later I saw Lincoln lying in state in the City Hall, after joining the interminable line that formed somewhere down Chatham Street and led up by his bier at the head of the staircase. I went back to the end of the line to look at him again. This completed my vision of the big man. But the funeral, which I viewed from the roof of the old Wallack's Theatre on Broome Street, revived the profound solemnity of my impression with seeing everyone uncover as the funeral car went by. Finally the boyish 'watching out' among the crowds to try and detect anybody who looked like the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, who seemed the perfection of manly beauty in his pictures, must close my impressions of that extraordinary period."

71.47  
EVENING POST, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1923.

## THREE MUSKETEERS MOURN FOR LINCOLN AT CITY HALL

Repeat Visit of Fifty-eight Years Ago When President's  
Body Reposed There in State — Tell  
Some of His Stories

Three old men who knew Abraham Lincoln came to City Hall this morning before the sun had climbed above the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan and paid the whimsical, tearful homage of old age to the place where their President's body had lain in state. Sitting on the steps, they pictured his love of funny stories, argued over whether he was or was not a "teetotaler" and justified their inclusion of a musical comedy in their day's celebration with the statement, to which all three agreed with vigorous nodding: "Lincoln would have liked musical comedies; he could have played in them or written them."

The memories of the hushed throngs streaming through the rotunda and of the German choral societies chanting their hymns outside City Hall at midnight of April 23, 1865, had remained vivid. They spoke of them as if they were yesterday. Two of them had just been married after getting out of the Union Army and they admitted that they had brought their brides with them when they visited City Hall fifty-eight years ago. Though for years they have been promising themselves a pilgrimage to the place, it was not until to-day, when their families and daughters and friends had gone away for the holiday, that they could make up their minds to return.

As they mounted the winding stairway, their steps grew slow. When they reached the top, only a few feet from where the catafalque had rested, three hats came off together. As if the dead body were there before them, they grouped themselves in a semi-circle, staring at the floor, the hands that held their hats shaking. Finally, one broke the silence:

"It's so long ago I've forgotten to cry. You see, we all knew him."

The rotunda was dimly lighted, shadows were everywhere and the place was cold. Their words echoed through the corridors. They would have gone, shivering, but the prospect of telling their story held them. They would not give their names.

### "Call Me Tom"

"Call me Tom," said the tallest, who admitted to eighty-one years. "Jerry" and "Pete" were the names of the others, respectively eighty and eighty-four.

"Jerry" got tired and sat down on the top step, telling his story through puffs at a big cigar.

"The night we came to see Lincoln's coffin," he began, "this place was beautiful. The mourning drapes were black and purple, and you could hardly see the coffin for the flowers. It was heaped high with them.

"I was just twenty-two then"—this more slowly as if he loved to linger over it—"and I'd just returned from service in the South. I was at Antietam and I, that is, we—the girl I had married—came to the City Hall on the night of the twenty-third. The crowd was fierce and we stood in line for more than an hour. The people went in the front of the building, and after passing up the stairs and looking at the flower-covered coffin went down the other side of the stairs and out the back door."

"I brought my wife down to the City Hall," interrupted Pete. "We had only been married a month. I fought all through the war from Bull Run to Gettysburg and wasn't wounded once." This was too much for Tom, so he broke in:

"I didn't come in the crowd," he explained. "My brother was in the military guard and he had me passed in to hear the funeral chants. My brother was at Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was shot. He got me in here the night the German societies sang funeral chants. It was midnight and sort of spooky, as I remember it."

Each old man was eager to pour out his story. The reticence and desire to leave vanished with every new paragraph.

"We were only youngsters," Jerry took up the tale. "But we all knew Lincoln."

"Yes, he was a great friend of my father," nodded Pete. "I remember hearing them argue over teetotaling. Lincoln favored it and my father didn't."

"Sit down here, young fellow," said Jerry. "We old boys can tell you something about Lincoln. Tom, tell them that one he told you."

Tom, who had been waiting for this moment, cleared his throat with a sonorous cough and struck out as if he were addressing an audience in Madison Square Garden:

"My father knew Lincoln and I was with him one day when he met the President in Washington. Lincoln was in fine humor and told father a funny story about a Scotchman. I've heard the same story told as new for sixty years. This Scotchman saw a man drowning in a river, but instead of rescuing him, he asked him where

he worked. When he learned this, the Scotchman set off for the address and told the employer one of his men had drowned and applied for the job. The employer answered that the man who pushed his employee into the river had just taken the place."

"That was just like Lincoln, that story was," they all agreed when they had stopped laughing.

"We've been coming down here for years," continued Jerry, "but something always came up. My son-in-law left town to-day and I'm all by myself."

"My daughter has gone away, too," explained Pete.

"I'm all alone," confessed Tom. "So we're all going to have lunch and go to a show—to a musical comedy."

"I'll bet Lincoln would have liked musical plays," declared Peter. "He had a great sense of humor."

"He could have played in musical shows or written them," asserted Tom. "Don't talk that way about him."

Jerry cried in protest. "It isn't funny. He fulfilled his mission."

Their information about Lincoln was apparently exhausted. Again the place seemed gloomy and affected their nerves.

"Well, young fellow," said Jerry, "you've shown us a lot more respect and attention than most of them do nowadays. Can we offer you a drink before we go?"

As is customary, the first offer was declined with thanks. But Jerry produced a flask—right in the City Hall corridor.

"Go ahead," he urged. "Have one on us."

Pete took the flask and turned it upside down. It was empty.

"Well, what do you expect?" he laughed. "It's a holiday and it's pretty late already."

It was 9:30 A. M.



# The Death of Lincoln the Martyr

This Eloquent and Deeply Touching Story of the Mortal Passing of Lincoln Is from a Sermon Delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15, 1865, by Henry Ward Beecher



Lincoln at Cleveland, Ohio, En Route to Washington

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoor. And the Lord said unto him, this is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—Deut. 34: 1-5.

**T**HERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish law-giver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. The promised land!—oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night and mused by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over: Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind.

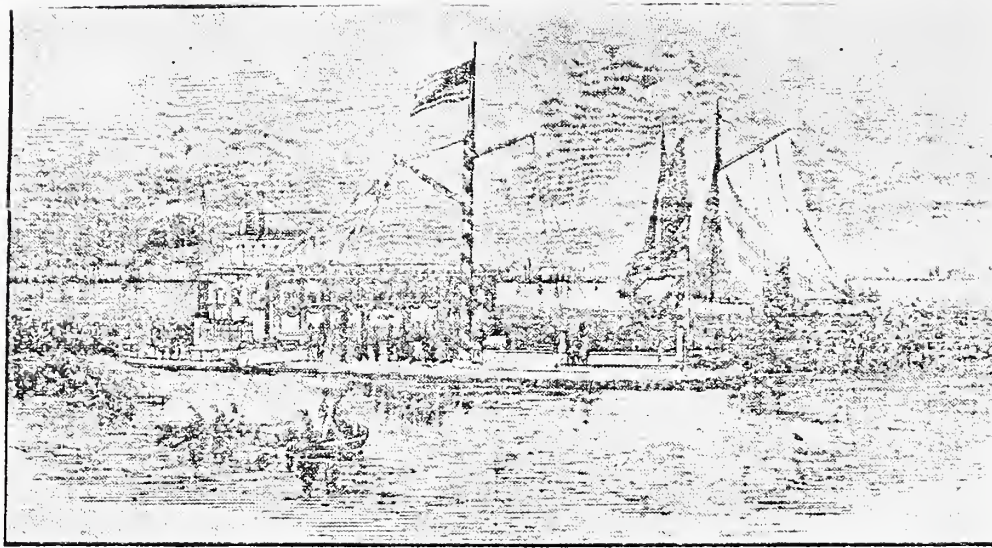
Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

## LIKE A LOAN ISLAND

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night, he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful perigatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last, the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty





Lincoln Funeral Car Being Ferried Across the Hudson

and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for evermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity and goodness.

#### SUDDEN JOY, SUDDEN SORROW

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety and swept business from its moorings and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was staunch, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of mid-summer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

#### THE STUNNING BLOW

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

\* \* \* Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time,

passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which, not all the



his moderation of spirit, which not all the and disturbances of his country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation and his mercy.

### GRIEF BEYOND MINISTRY

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

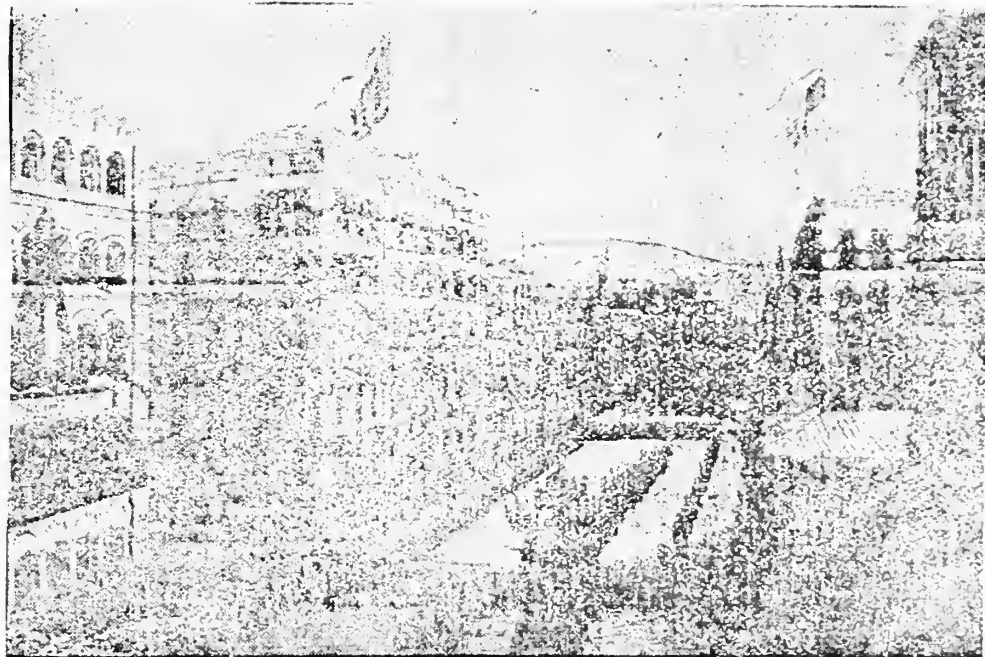
Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

### A WILSON DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

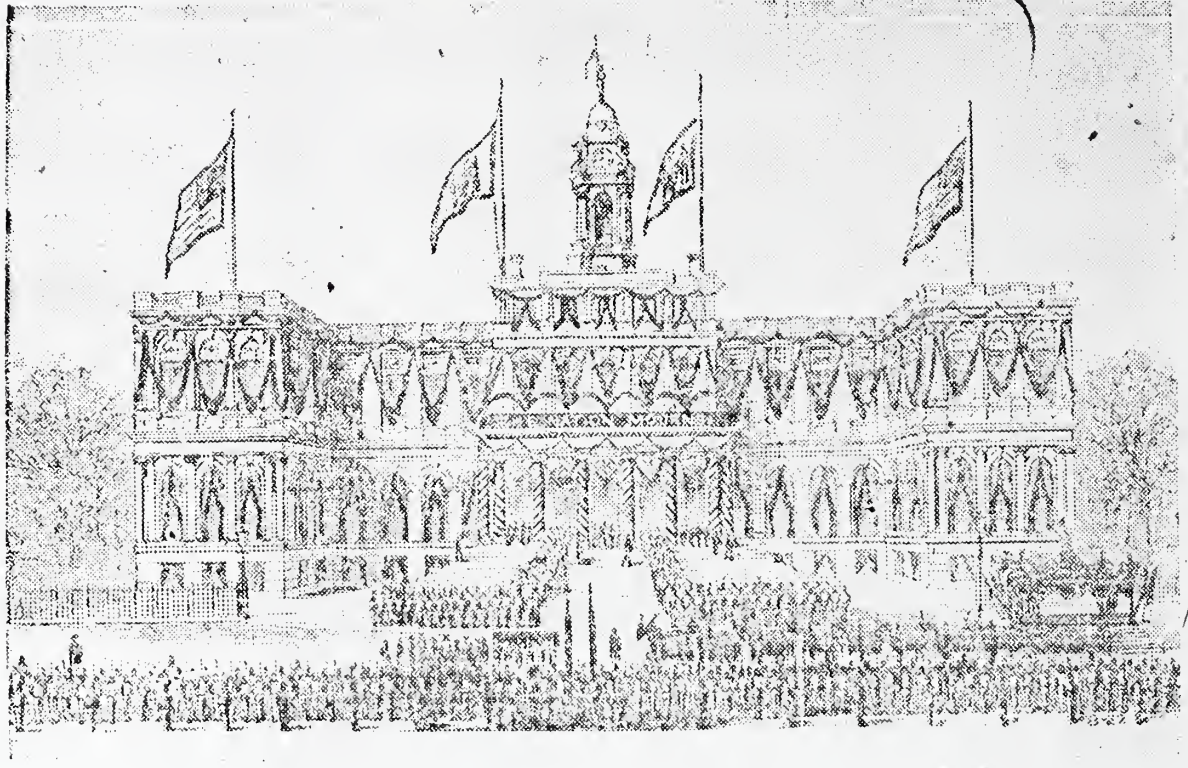
Former President Wilson telegraphed to the Jackson day dinner of Pittsburgh Democrats that the party was intrusted with the "redemption of the nation from degradation."

Here is a beautiful plank for the Democratic national platform: "We view with alarm the degradation of the American people and their cowardly portrayal of the cause of humanity. We regard the American people as the scum of the earth, hyenas in soul and jackals in mind."

With that plank the Democratic party can sweep Europe as a prairie fire and the candidate can be elected president of the league of nations. After it has been adopted by the resolutions committee of the convention we'll probably find Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Underwood and various others earnestly supporting Mr. Cox for nomination. He did it the other time, and why not now? He's used to it, case-hardened and indurated, a perfect candidate on a perfect platform rallying an enthusiastic country to the fiery doctrine: "Yes, we are a degraded people."—Chicago Tribune.



Lincoln Funeral Procession Passing Up Broadway, New York



**T**HE adjoining picture shows the City Hall during the funeral of Abraham Lincoln on Wednesday, April 26, 1865. Above the entrance to the erape-draped building were the words "The Nation Mourns." The hearse is seen at the right.

A great procession, including representatives of almost every organi-

zation in the city and detachments from various regiments, followed the hearse from City Hall up Broadway and Fifth avenue to Thirty-fourth street and thence to the Hudson River station, where the body was taken by train to Albany.

Those in charge of the Lincoln funeral had arranged to have the body lay in state in Washington,

Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago, so it was not until May, more than two weeks after the assassination of the President, that the body arrived in Springfield, Ill. The burial was at Oak Ridge, Ill., near Springfield, on May 4.

Tomorrow—Arion Society Lardex

NEW YORK CITY SUN  
AUGUST 22, 1929



ON APRIL 19, 1865, at the City Hall in New York City there was a funeral ceremony for President Abraham Lincoln who was assassinated in Ford's Theater, Washington, on Good Friday, April 14.

Last year, Dr. Leo Hershkowitz, a history professor at Queens College, Flushing, New York, came across some financial documents relating to the martyred President's funeral service and the procession which later went up Broadway.

Actually, the records were headed for the papershredders at an East Bronx pulp mill. They were among bales and bundles of other documents destined for destruction. Dr. Hershkowitz got there just in time.

Among other items he salvaged was a bill to the City by the undertaker, Peter Relyea, of Manhattan. He charged \$1,000 for horses, horse covers trimmed with silver-bullion fringes, grooms, hats, crape and so forth. The City also paid Mr. Relyea another \$500 for building the canopied catafalque that bore the coffin in the procession.

The architect, Charles Mettam, who designed the catafalque, submitted an invoice for \$250. There were 30 musical groups in the procession, and they submitted bills for their services. The 84th Regiment engaged Schineller's Brass Band, consisting of 22 members and for which there was a charge of \$184. The sum of \$135 was paid to Dosworth's Concert, Military and Quadrille in which there were 16 musicians.

Among other items purchased for the funeral were hats, plumes, martial flags and armbands. A sign-painting company charged \$110 for 32 yards of muslin and a carved eagle. The man who played the chimes for three hours at Trinity Church, Wall Street and Broadway, charged \$20 for his services. He also composed a funeral dirge.

If the calculations of Dr. Hershkowitz are correct, the whole affair cost the City of New York around \$30,000. Some of the bills he found

were on ornate letterheads, while others were simply on lined tablet paper. During April they were on display at the Paul Klapper Library of Queens College.



# THE ANSWER MAN

*Broadcast over Station WOR  
Mutual Broadcasting System*

145 WEST 41ST STREET  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

WISCONSIN 7-1183

August 10, 1943

Mr. Louis A. Warren, Director  
Lincoln National Life Foundation  
Fort Wayne, Indiana

My dear Mr. Warren:

One of my listeners asks:

"After Lincoln's death was his body brought to  
New York City and did the funeral procession  
pass through East Seventh Street?"

I have information of the fact that Lincoln's body lay in  
state in City Hall, after the arrival of the funeral train  
on April 24, 1865, but do you have any information as to  
whether the procession passed through East Seventh Street?

I shall appreciate a reply at your early convenience.

Sincerely yours

  
Bruce Chapman

August 13, 1943

Mr. Bruce Chapman  
145 W. 41st St.  
New York 18, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Chapman:

From a printed account of the movement of the funeral procession of Abraham Lincoln in New York City I make these excerpts. "From the Ferry Gate up to Hudson Street, then up Hudson to Canal, thence through it and Broadway to the Park entering on the eastern side." Leaving the City Hall where the body lies in state "the procession passed up Broadway to 14th Street, thence through Fifth Avenue to 34th and across that wide street to Ninth Avenue, thence it passed into the Hudson River Railroad Depot."

Very truly yours,

LAW:WM

Director

*Jacksonville Journal, Sept. 13, 1952*

# Only Known Picture Of Lincoln In Coffin Found

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. (AP) The only known picture of Abraham Lincoln in his coffin has turned up in the Illinois State Historical Library.

The photograph was found by 15-year-old Ronald Rietveld of Des Moines while looking through the

library's voluminous Lincoln collection.

The youth brought his discovery to the attention of Dr. Harry E. Pratt, state historian and Lincoln author, who pronounced it genuine after research. Dr. Pratt said the picture had been lost for 87 years among the papers of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under Lincoln.

## New York City Hall

The brownish proof print was taken in New York City Hall on April 25, 1865, while the Lincoln funeral train was enroute from Washington to Springfield.

A New York photographer, Jeremiah Gurney Jr., took the picture from a balcony. In the resulting time exposure picture, Lincoln's beard and features are barely distinguishable.

Two men standing at the head and foot of the coffin were identified as Admiral Charles H. Davis and Assistant Adjutant General Edyard D. Townsend, who was in charge of the funeral train and gave Gurney permission to take the picture.

## Forgot About Print

Dr. Pratt said when Stanton learned about the photograph, he ordered destruction of the photographic plate and any prints made from it. In the meantime, the proof print had been sent to him and he evidently dropped it into his files and forgot about it.

The picture remained in the Stanton papers until 1887 when his son sent it to John G. Nicolay, one of Lincoln's two secretaries who had just begun publication of their ten volume life of the emancipator.

The photograph was filed with the authors' papers which were given to the Illinois State Historical Library in 1940 by Mrs. Alice Hay Wadsworth, daughter of John Hay, the other author-secretary.



# UNCOVER NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF ABE'S FUNERAL

**R. Rietveld Of Des Moines  
Finds Picture While Going  
Through Library.**

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## IDENTIFY TWO

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## Only Coffin Photo Of Lincoln Found

SPRINGFIELD. (UP)—A 15-year-old boy has turned up the only known photograph of Abraham Lincoln in his coffin, it was disclosed today.

Dr. Harry E. Pratt, state historian and Lincoln author, said that Ronald Rietveld of Des Moines came across the 87-year-old picture while rummaging through material in the state historical library here.

Pratt said after thorough research into letters and newspapers of the period that the photograph, a four-by-six-inch proof print, is definitely authentic.

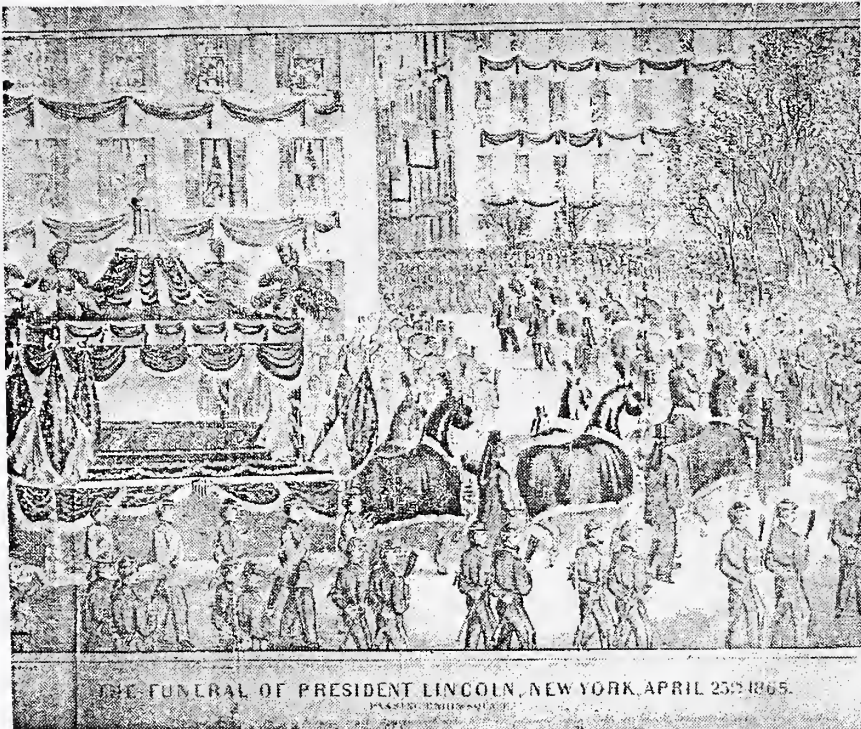
The state historian said Jeremiah Gurney Jr., of New York took the picture from a balcony 20 feet above Lincoln's body when the Lincoln funeral train stopped in New York en route to Springfield.

The features and beard of the martyred Civil war president can hardly be distinguished in the picture, Pratt said.

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton heard about the photo and ordered all prints as well as the plate destroyed. But he apparently forgot to destroy a proof that had been sent to him.

This proof remained in Stanton's files. Eventually it was obtained by Mrs. Alice Hay Wadsworth, who gave it to the state historical library with other Lincoln papers in 1940. It remained among this material undiscovered until young Rietveld turned it up recently.

1952



ORIGINAL CURRIER AND IVES SHOWS LINCOLN FUNERAL  
Print Found In Files At Dayton Daily News To Be Framed.

### FOUND IN DAILY NEWS FILES

## Original Currier, Ives Print Depicts Funeral Of Lincoln

By FRAN FRANTZ

Daily News Staff Writer

An original Currier and Ives print showing Lincoln's funeral procession turned up in the files at The Dayton Daily News in a search for material to use in connection with Lincoln's birthday today.

The print, which had originally been wrapped in brown paper and rolled, somehow had become flattened in a tangle of Lincoln press clippings and forgotten. No one on the News staff knows where it came from or how long it has been in the files.

But it recalled one of the most

complex funerals on record. Lincoln, who died April 15, 1865, was not buried until May 4.

Congress wanted to bury him in Washington but Mrs. Lincoln objected. The Illinois delegation demanded the return of the body to the capital of that state; but Mrs. Lincoln preferred Chicago. She finally consented to Springfield after the townspeople there agreed not to purchase the land they had intended, and let her selection of the new Oak Ridge cemetery prevail. The state capitol now stands on the land they had planned to buy.

The scene on the Currier and Ives shows the procession passing Union Square in Springfield, Ill., where a program lasting nearly five hours was held. Previously, the body had lain in state at city hall, and 100 persons a minute had been admitted. Women particularly wanted to touch the body or casket, but were held back by the guard of honor, working on two-hour shifts.

According to copies of the New York Herald, published that day and the following, "one hundred thousand strangers came to New York yesterday for the express purpose of participating in a pageant surpassing in magnificence and extent anything of its kind ever called forth in America." The paper, which contained five solid pages of news on the funeral, want ads, and news from Washington and the new president on the back page, also mentioned that 10 pickpockets had been arrested in the crowds.

The body became travel stained, and an embalmer and his assistant from Washington frequently dusted and readjusted. They stayed with the procession during the whole circuitous route, which roughly duplicated Lincoln's route from Springfield to Washington for his first inauguration.

But rest for Lincoln was troubled for the next 36 years. The casket was opened several times and the body viewed by friends. There was even a plot to steal the body. It wasn't until 1901 that the body was placed in a tomb protected by steel and cement, suggested and paid for by Robert Lincoln. Once more the casket was opened and 30 witnesses said the body was that of Lincoln.

The copies of the New York Herald were lent by Lloyd Ostendorf, 225 Lookout dr., who collects Lincoln memorabilia. He added that the print is worth approximately \$30, although he adds that as long ago as 1928, before Lincoln Currier and Ives were collected so much as today, a particularly good copy was sold for \$75.

The print is out of the files for keeps now. It will be framed and hung in the reference library.

New York City



## Picture of Lincoln Taken After Death Shown in N.Y.

New York, Feb. 10 [Special] —A copy of the only known photograph of Abraham Lincoln, taken after his assassination, was put on display here today and presented to Rockford [Ill.] college in a ceremony at the Waldorf Astoria hotel.

The original photograph, made 10 days after the President was shot to death in 1865 by Actor John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theater in Washington, shows Lincoln lying in state in an open coffin in New York's city hall.

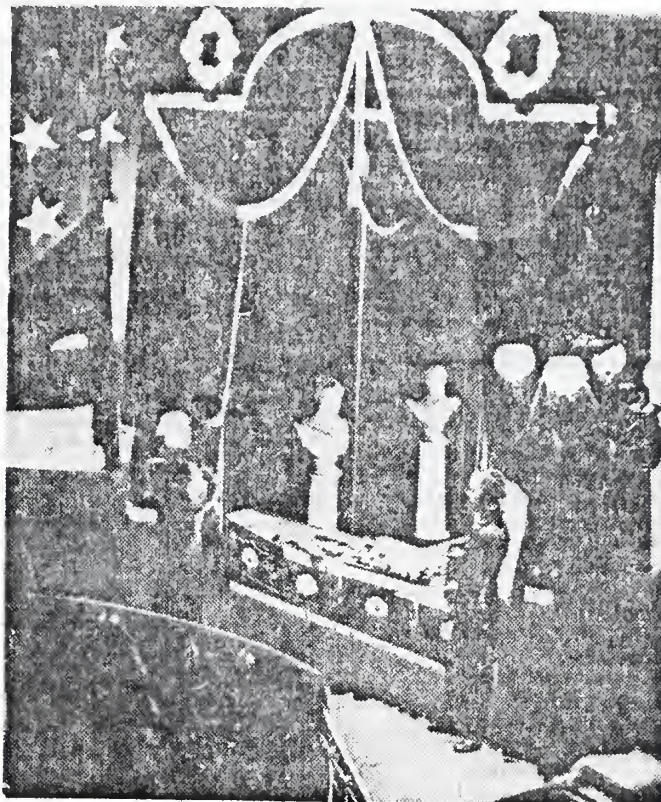
The only known print made from the original photograph is in the files of the Illinois Historical society in Springfield, Ill.

### Original in Springfield

In Springfield, Miss Margaret Flint, assistant Illinois state historian, said the print, which was presented to the society in 1940, was in collections owned by the families of John Nicolay and John Hay, Lincoln's secretaries. The collections were presented to the society by Mrs. Alice Hay Wadsworth, daughter of Hay.

Miss Flint said records show that two photographs of Lincoln in his coffin were made by Gurney & Sons, New York photographers. But upon the order of Secretary of War Edwin A. Stanton, who feared the photographs would disturb Mrs. Lincoln, both photographic plates and the single print made from the larger one were destroyed, and Stanton retained the only print made from the other plate.

Miss Flint said the print at Springfield is accompanied by a letter written by Stanton's son, Louis, in 1867 when he gave the print to Nicolay after finding it in his late father's papers.



A copy of only known photograph of President Lincoln on display in New York and presented to Rockford college (Ill.) yesterday. Original picture was taken by Gurney & Son, New York photographer, April 24, 1865, when Lincoln was lying in state in New York City.

[AP Wirephoto]

Nicolay and Hay were then working on a biography of Lincoln.

### Many Copies Made

Miss Flint said many copies have been made of the photograph in the Illinois Historical society archives and are available at any time.

The photograph displayed here was said to have been brought to the attention of Mrs. Dorothy Meserve Kunhardt, daughter of Frederick Hill Meserve, a Lincoln authority, in the 1950s.

When Mrs. Kunhardt's daughter married George Lodge, son of Henry Cabot Lodge, American ambassador to South Viet Nam, she gave the photo to the family because, by coincidence, in the picture was Charles Henry Davis, the great-great-grandfather of George Lodge.

The photo was presented to Rockford college by John Davis Lodge, the ambassador's brother, a former governor of Connecticut and former ambassador to Spain, and a Rockford college trustee.

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Zorach, and its placement in a collection accessible to the public should be good news for students of art as well as Lincoln enthusiasts. It is an exceedingly important addition to the Lincoln Library and Museum, providing interesting points of comparison and contrast with the heroic bronze statue commissioned by Lincoln National Life in the same period, Paul Manship's *The Hoosier Youth*. Zorach is often paired with Gaston Lachaise as representing the best in American sculpture between the World Wars, and the Lincoln Library and Museum is much enhanced by the addition of his work.

The gift from the agency heads included as well two extremely rare broadsides. The first is an order concerning the procession in New York City for Lincoln's funeral. It is remarkable in that it associates Lincoln's name with desegregation at a very early date.

The Joint Municipal Committee in Charge of Obsequies was composed of appointees of the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Councilmen. When Negro representatives requested a place in the parade, arguing that there was to be a place even for the President's horse behind the hearse, the Committee turned them down. Republicans charged that the Committee was Tammany controlled, and the *New York Times* put it very succinctly: "... prejudice against color was supreme with a majority of the committee." The President of the Board of Police Commissioners, Thomas Acton, fought the decision. Accounts differ in regard to whether Acton succeeded before the appearance of the War Department order banning "discrimination respecting color," or because of it. It seems likely that the latter was the case, since newspaper reports of the decision to allow Negroes in the procession coincided with the appearance of the War Department order in the press. Though widely reprinted in the newspapers, the order in its broadside form is not mentioned in any of the standard accounts nor reproduced in books on Lincoln's funeral. This may well be its first publication.

Though as many as 5,000 Negroes had been reported ready to march, only two hundred actually did so. Doubtless, many felt intimidated by the obvious hostility of the local parade authorities. Memories of lynchings and murders of blacks during the draft riots just two years earlier were fresh enough to make ominous the reported remark of one Committeeman that the responsibility for allowing Negroes in the procession would rest with the police. In the end, however, it was widely

### The Colored People in the Procession To-day.

WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865.

Major-General JOHN A. DIX—It is the desire of the Secretary of War that no discrimination respecting color should be exercised in admitting persons to the funeral procession to-morrow. In this city a black regiment formed part of the escort.

C. A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War.

Colored people, or their societies, who wish to join the procession to-day, can do so by forming on West Reade street by twelve o'clock, their right resting on Broadway. Societies should appoint their own Marshals to preserve order.

### Special Time Table for Funeral Train, on Hudson River Railroad, to-day, Tuesday, April 25.

Leave NEW YORK, 29th street, . . . 4.00, P.M.	Leave HYDE PARK, . . . 7.56, P.M.
MANHATTAN, . . 4.20, "	STAATSBURG, . . 8.08, "
YONKERS, . . . 4.45, "	RHINEBECK, . . 8.24, "
DOBBS' FERRY, 5.00, "	BARRYTOWN, . . 8.40, "
IRVINGTON, . . 5.07, "	TIVOLI, . . . 8.52, "
TARRYTOWN, . . 5.15, "	GERMANTOWN, 9.10, "
SING SING, . . . 5.30, "	CATSKILL, . . . 9.27, "
Arrive PEEKSKILL, . . 5.57, "	Arrive HUDSON, . . . 9.38, "
Leave PEEKSKILL, . . 6.00, "	Leave HUDSON, . . . 9.41, "
GARRISON'S, . . 6.26, "	STOCKPORT, . . 9.52, "
COLD SPRING, . . 6.33, "	COXSACKIE, . . 10.00, "
FISHKILL, . . . 6.50, "	STUYVESANT, 10.07, "
N. HAMBURG, . . 7.06, "	SCHODACK, . . 10.26, "
Arrive POUGHKEEPSIE 7.25, "	CASTLETON, . . 10.35, "
Leave POUGHPEEPSIE 7.40, "	Arrive EAST ALBANY 10.55, "

reported that the Negro group was "the only portion of the procession which was received with any demonstrations of applause."

The second broadside stems from an earlier period. It is the "Plan of the House of Representatives" for the Thirtieth Congress, the only Congress in which Lincoln served. In addition to a diagram indicating the seat of each Congressman, there is a list of the residences in Washington of every Congressman at the bottom. This broadside will not only provide a "feel" for Lincoln's Washington surroundings but also a useful tool for analysts of early Congressional voting, some of whom have noted a high correlation between voting behavior and boarding-house residence. It was the custom for Congressmen to leave their families at home and live with other Representatives in one of Washington's many boarding houses. Mary Todd Lincoln accompanied her husband to Washington, but she soon returned to her home. Lincoln thought that she hindered him "some in attending to business."

The House of Representatives met in what is now Statuary Hall in the Capitol.

Though there were separate sides of the House for Whigs and Democrats, Congressmen drew their seats by lot. Lincoln's back-row seat was a function of bad luck, not of political obscurity.

Lincoln's single term in national office before the Presidency was memorable for him. He would remember his House colleagues; Indiana's Caleb Blood Smith, for example, would become Lincoln's Secretary of Interior. Even his boarding-house keeper, Mrs. Sprigg, would be remembered. On July 21, 1864, Lincoln wrote his Secretary of Treasury: "The bearer of this is a most estimable widow lady, at whose house I boarded many years ago when a member of Congress. She now is very needy; & any employment suitable to a lady could not be bestowed on a more worthy person." She became a clerk in the loan office of the Treasury Department.

The Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum is indebted to Lincoln National Life's agency heads for the generous gift of these items. We owe a special debt to Richard B. Davies for his leadership as well as his personal generosity. It is particularly fitting to have a visible symbol of the spirit of cooperation and support for the Lincoln Library and Museum provided by Lincoln National Life's agencies over the last fifty years.

*The  
City  
of  
New York*



(212) 788-8597  
FAX (212) 788-8589

JOAN M. NICHOLS

ACQUISITIONS LIBRARIAN  
MUNICIPAL REFERENCE  
AND RESEARCH CENTER

DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS  
AND INFORMATION SERVICES  
31 CHAMBERS STREET, SUITE 111  
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10007

file: New York City  
- Funeral

August 10, 1992

Ms. Ruth E. Cook  
Assistant to the Director  
Lincoln Library and Museum  
1300 South Calhoun Street  
Fort Wayne, IN 46801

Dear Ms. Cook:

It is just a year since I attended the Federation of Genealogical Societies conference in Fort Wayne and visited your library and museum.

We had talked at that time about Lincoln's final trip to Springfield and I told you that I would send you copies of two records from the Municipal Archives.

At long last, I have made copies for you (not on acid-free paper). The Municipal Archives has ten volumes of records of bodies transported through New York City during the late 1900's. In the description you will see the name of the "person having charge of the body." P. Relyea was a New York City undertaker.

I am also sending you a description of this resource which just appeared in the newsletter of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

The New York City Court of General Sessions also recorded the Lincoln tragedy in a three-page memorial. (The third page would not fit on one sheet).

I trust everything is fine in Fort Wayne. It was a pleasure meeting you last year and seeing your facility. If you ever plan a trip here, please let me know. We have just changed our telephone system so I am enclosing a new business card.

Sincerely,

  
Joan Nichols

Enc.

380 Mountain Rd. #805  
Union City, NJ 07087

♥



[illegible]



B-Ann Moorhouse and Timothy Field Beard, the newest Fellows of the Society (F.G.B.S). Story on page 9.

#### ANOTHER NEW YORK STATE PERIODICAL

The following title should be added to the list of New York State Genealogical and Historical Periodicals in the *Newsletter* Summer 1991 (Vol. 2, No. 3, pp. 22-23; see also Fall 1991, Vol. 2, No. 4, p. 27):

*Capital District Genealogical Society Newsletter*, Box 2175 Empire State Plaza Station, Albany, NY 12220-0175 (qtl., 8 p.) nws,src,que (Albany, Columbia, Schenectady, Rensselaer cos.) [NY L AL13]

#### OBSOLETE TOWN NAMES

In the November-December 1991 issue of *Heritage Quest* (pp. 61-62), Loren G. Fay includes a useful list in his "New York News" column. This list shows all the old [i.e., obsolete] town names which are included in the text of J. H. French's 1860 *Historical and Statistical Gazetteer of New York State*, but excluded from the index to that vital work. Thus if you find that someone was born in 1812 in Bengal, N.Y., and you can't find this town in French's index, reference to Mr. Fay's list will show that Bengal is an obsolete name for the town of Vienna in Oneida County.

#### LECTURES AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

Most of the lectures delivered at the Society in recent years, including the annual Fall Lecture Series, have been recorded on cassettes. Anyone visiting the Society is welcome to listen to these tapes, which are kept in the Library. We regret that it is impossible to make these cassettes available outside of the Society's building.

#### Little-Publicized New York City Sources . . .

by B-Ann Moorhouse, C.G., F.G.B.S.

**Bodies in Transit** at the Municipal Archives of The City of New York is a collection of records, kept only during the years 1859 to 1894, in 10 volumes, now available on microfilm at the Archives.

To aid in the prevention of communicable diseases, the Board of Health of the City of New York required that any body arriving in Manhattan via ship, train or even local ferry be registered. Thus, the vacationer who died out West and whose body was being shipped back for burial in Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn, the New Jersey resident or the Staten Island housewife whose body was being shipped merely across the river for burial in Upstate New York, the Civil War soldier and sailor whose bodies were being shipped back to New England for burial, all were registered with the City. The registration applies as well to bodies being shipped in the opposite direction through the City to the West and South, such as the following entry\* of especial interest which also serves as an example of the information found in these records:

Date of Passage	
through New York:	<i>April 24, 1865</i>
Name:	<i>Lincoln, Abraham</i>
Age:	<i>56 y 2 m</i>
Nativity:	<i>Kentucky</i>
Place of Death:	<i>Washington, D.C.</i>
Date of Death:	<i>April 15, 1865</i>
Disease:	<i>pistol shot</i>
Place of Interment:	<i>Springfield, Ill.</i>
Name and Address of Person	
Having Charge of the Body:	<i>P. Relyea</i>

Later minor changes were made in the columnar headings, e.g., "Disease" changed to "Cause of Death"; and by 1869 two more columns were added: "Now at" (i.e., the location of the body) and "How Certified" (by physician or coroner, etc.).

This is a source to be checked when the death record is not found where expected, or the burial record is found but not the death record.

\* Brought to my attention by Kenneth R. Cobb, Director of the Municipal Archives.



Monday Morning April 17th 1865  
 Court met pursuant to adjournment,  
 Present  
 Hon. John T. Hoffman, Recorder  
 and Justice of the Supreme

The District Attorney moves, that in view of the great calamity which has befallen the nation, in the death, at the hand of an assassin of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, and as a tribute of respect to his memory, and in accordance with the wishes and feelings of the whole People, that this Court do now adjourn for one week,

His Honor the Recorder responds as follows

This adjournment which has just been moved, will of course, be ordered.

A terrible crime has been committed in the Capital of the nation, in comparison with which all ordinary crimes seem as nothing.

A great calamity has befallen the nation, the magnitude of which no man can yet realize, and the consequence of which no man can foresee.

The President of the United States has been stricken dead by the hands of the assassin, and another has inflicted upon the Secretary of State dangerous, and it is feared, fatal wounds.

The nation is overwhelmed with horror and grief, and the land is filled with lamentation and



mourning. As the face of our court so appalling  
and so momentous it is, proper and even necessa-  
ry that all public and private business, should  
as far as practicable be suspended. This Court  
will therefore be adjourned, and, no cases will  
be tried during the present week.

This is not the time, nor is it the place,  
for any extended remarks. But it is my duty  
as a Magistrate of this City, to counsel my fellow  
citizens to avoid and discourage all acts of  
violence, and all excited public gatherings,

Let us all remember that our only  
hope of safety lies in the administration of  
order, in obedience to law, and respect for the  
constituted authorities of the land, and that  
now, more than ever, is needed coolness and  
calmness as well among the People as in the  
councils of the nation.

The Clerk is directed to make the  
proper entry on the minutes of the Court.

---

Ordered that all persons bound by injunctions  
to appear this day, do so on the same  
until Monday next.

The above Court adjourns until 11  
o'clock on Monday morning next.

Monday Morning April 24<sup>th</sup> 1865  
 Court meets pursuant to adjournment  
 present  
 Now John P. Hoffman, Recorder  
 and Justice of the Supreme,

At District Attorney Mutchings  
 moves the Court, that to day being set apart by  
 the authorities of this city for the reception of the  
 remains of the late President Lincoln, and tomorrow  
 being designated for the funeral ceremonies to take  
 place, - that this Court adjourn until Wednesday  
 next.

Ordered, that all persons bound by recognizance  
 to appear this day be severally continued on  
 the same until Wednesday next.



At the District Attorney's suggestion, the Court, that to day being set apart by the authorities of this city for the reception of the remains of the late President Lincoln, and tomorrow being designated for the funeral ceremonies to take place, - that this Court adjourn until Wednesday next.

Ordered that all persons bound by recognizances to appear this day be severally continued on the same until Wednesday next.

The Court adjourns until 11 O'clock on Wednesday morning next.



*The Lincoln Museum*  
1300 South Clinton Street P.O. Box 1110  
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801  
219 455 3864  
*Part of Lincoln National Corporation*

August 17, 1992

Ms. Joan Nichols  
380 Mountain Road #805  
Union City NJ 07087

Dear Ms. Nichols:

What a nice surprise on a dreary Monday! Thank you so much for sending the photocopies of records from the Municipal Archives. A real interesting addition to the files on transporting Lincoln's body to Springfield via Manhattan. Also, we appreciate the additional photocopies of the record of adjournment of the New York City Court of General Sessions. What beautiful handwriting.

Even though it has been a year, I had your name in my suspense file and just kept moving it up each month. It hardly seems that long ago.

Again, I appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending this information for our research library.

Sincerely,

Ruth E. Cook

REC/yw

*Mark E. Naby, Jr.*  
Director





